

Focal Point by **Krowshi**

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Summary:

Every art piece has a point of focus, the general area that draws a viewers attention.

Will is Mike's focal point.

Focal Point

Author's Note:

Gosh, I both hate and love this so bare with me here, I went over board with all the emotions here.

But man, the focal point has always been my favorite term in the art world, so I went ahead and used that as a prompt here.

So, I hope you all enjoy! Give me feedback if you want!

focal point

noun.

the center of interest or activity.

It's been 9 years.

9 years since Will had disappeared to the Upside down, 9 years since he had made a come back later down the line by a miraculous save made by his own mom and Hopper who braved to the disastrous place.

It's been 9 whole years, and Will still visualizes everything perfectly, still sees the twisted world through his own little looking glass, failing to keep it from haunting him. It's not as bad anymore, however. The paranoia and panic that it all gave him had died down significantly. In fact, he found a medium he could cope with it in.

9 years later and he had started to turn the world he had experienced into masterpieces on canvas. Of course, not everything he drew or painted out was accurate to the T, but he would shift that world into something that people would look at with awe. Certainly not what he saw, but something close.

9 years and Mike remained by him, gracing the shorter boy with warm smiles and all the unconditional love and adoration every day of his life, making him feel grounded and wanted when his brain would try to say other wise in their new tiny apartment. Mike was a pleasant dream among dark shadows that tried to grab at Will, tear

him down for all that he was, but failed under Mike's protective wing.

"How does it look?" Will said one day, paint splattered on his shirt and trousers, brush in a hand and a smudge of blue streaked across his cheek. He fluttered his eyes up to gaze over at Mike.

The breath was stolen from Will's wind pipes as he caught sight of the most beautiful man, devoting all of his undivided attention on to him and him only under the rays of the sun filtering through the curtains and into his dark curls that fell in boyish wisps around his face. Mike's eyes burned of deep thoughts and careful speculation, never giving away what he was really thinking in that moment and the rest of his face was buried in his arms, inabiling Will to read deeper into his expression. Despite everything, all six feet and some odd inches of Mike was a tower of beauty slumped against their well-loved pawn shop oak table stained with coffee cup rings.

Will Byers has never fallen so far into love like he has now.

"Its stunning as usual, not a flaw," Mike spoke up, voice slightly muffled by the sleeves of his sweater. The words that carried the weight of millions caused Will to chuckle slightly and look down to the ground out of embarrassment with a tender smile.

"Are you sure?" He said, only kind of provoking Mike to speak more of his thoughts.

"I'm positive, Will," the darker haired boy said. "And I'm not just talking about the art either."

It was at this that Mike finally moved from his spot and approached Will, presenting a face that was once unreadable, now full of emotions flashing one after another. Will barely had time to react past his red-set cheeks before Mike was towering over him and his art stool and cupping his cheeks between two warm hands and pressing his lips down on his own. A sigh came out of the shorter boy like light rain had been pattering down on his face, equalizing all his troubles. It was when Mike pulled away that Will realized he had closed his eyes part through their actions and had to open them to smile bright and warm up at the face that matched his own in warmth.

“Is that the only reason why you said that? Just to get a kiss out of me?” Will said in a teasing manner that he grew so accustomed to when it came to being around his long time friend and now lover.

“Okay, that’s only part of the reason, but everything I said was true nonetheless,” Mike said, putting his hands up like he had been caught guilty in a robbery. That didn’t stop him from giving a cheesy grin and wink even so with both his hands still in the air. Laughter reached passed Will’s lips in response as he simply reached up and grabbed Mike’s hands to bring that back down and to hang between them.

“You’re a dork, but I love you anyway,” Will said with a soft expression.

“Yeah, I love you, too,” Mike said, lacing his fingers with Will’s and pressing their palms together just as he leaned down to press his forehead to Will’s.

9 years have gone by, but through all of the troubles that had made up their 21 years in life, it could not look past what they had now. And what they had now mattered most.